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only when urgent necessity demands an amendment, and the language of the law is too plain to be construed so as to meet that necessity, as is the case with slavery. It is well not to familiarize the minds of the people with the idea of change, which in laws should be silent and gradual, like the changes of time. Interpretation, therefore, to suit the needs of the passing hour, is to be preferred when it is possible. By this process the Constitution may be slowly and insensibly moulded by the wants and opinions of the people. Let us make our Constitution a protecting vesture for the living, not a fetter imposed by the dead, so that it may receive the love and reverence of successive generations of the living, and thus endure forever.

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ART. VII.—1. *Brigandage in South Italy*. By DAVID HILTON.

In Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1864.

2. *Il Brigantaggio alla Frontiera pontificia dal 1860 al 1863. Studio Storico-politico-statistico-morale-militare, del CONTE ALESSANDRO BIANCO DI SAINT-JORIOZ*. Milano: G. Daelli. 1864.

3. *Notizie Storiche Documentate sul Brigantaggio nelle Provincie Napoletane, dai Tempi di Fra Diavolo, sino ai Giorni nostri*. Aggiuntovi l'intero Giornale di Borjes finora inedito, per MARCO MONNIER. Firenze: G. Barbèra. 1863.

NOT long since, we climbed to the top of a mountain at Capri, to look upon the ruins of the palace which Tiberius Cæsar built there. As commonly happens with ruins, there was a great deal of rubbish to a very little grandeur; but the view from the crest of the rock, over which the Emperor, in moments of extreme ennui, cast his victims into the sea below, so exceeded all thought and expectation in its loveliness, that we felt ourselves more than compensated for momentary loss suffered in the state of the palace. It would be hard to say whether Naples were visible or not, in that golden sunset light which rested on the waters; but looking across the blue Gulf

of Salerno, we saw faintly sketched upon the horizon the undulating line of the other mainland coast.

Our guide was an old man of that mixed tribe, half fisherman, half mountaineer, which inhabits the sea-fondled cliffs of Capri; and now, pushing back from his dim eyes the larger kind of woollen sock which he wore for head-gear, he gazed pensively upon the distant shore. Perhaps the friendly solitude of the height on which we stood, and its favorable remoteness from the little towns of the island, first inspired the pastoral thoughts which the sight of the romantic coast beyond, with all its association of free life in hills and unmolested plunder in valleys, brought with a tremulous pathos to the old man's lips; nothing certainly could have fallen from us to suggest the pleasant train of ideas.

"I do not know why, little Sir,"\* said this good old man, "they should accuse us of brigandage in these parts. We are tranquil, little Sir, tranquil. It is true that in yonder hills there are numbers of poor soldiers of all nations, who have taken refuge from their enemies. They live upon herbs and wild berries, and they never molest peaceful travellers. It is only when they are driven to despair by cruel pursuit that they sometimes shed blood."

The value of this idyllic contribution to the history of Italian brigandage will be apparent, we hope, when we come to look more closely at the question in the examination of works which regard the career of the persecuted hermits of the hills in another light. At the moment, it deepened the gloom of the gathering twilight, and the thought of the gentle exiles on those distant heights touched us, quite across the Gulf of Salerno, with a faint shiver of trepidation; although even then we were not without delight in the delicate skill with which our guide masked a bloody and frightful evil in that peaceful, all but saintly guise.

Elsewhere, the delicacy of the fancy might have seemed exaggerated; but the Neapolitans abound in courtesies of paraphrase when they have to speak of vices and crimes. They have but a weak sense, it seems, of the wickedness of wrong-

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\* *Signorin*, being the caressing diminutive by which every person of probable drink-money is fondly addressed in Naples.

doing, and the popular sympathies are quickly touched by the troubles of a rogue. A gentleman in Naples, who caught a boy picking his pocket and caned him for it, made himself odious to the street-crowd, whose indignant compassion found utterance in the protest of an old woman: "Poor child! he was earning his bread!" In that land, guilt has always had such consideration that the blackest misdeeds are not called by hard names. Assassination is pleasantly named misfortune; that is, misfortune to the assassin, poor fellow. And Marc Monnier tells of a Calabrian guide of his, that he pointed out, during a day's journey, twenty-nine crosses which he had erected in places where the misfortune of as many murders had occurred to him. He piously offered a prayer at each of the crosses for the repose of the slain who had brought so much woe upon him; and he commended himself to the traveller by his good nature, fidelity, and honesty. He was probably not a hardened man, and might not have been so very wicked.

It must remain a question for the psychologist, how far these people are depraved. The thoughtful observer must discern in their character a wonderful degree of innocence, and in men stained by the worst crimes a childlike simplicity, which will confound all former ideas of the effects of guilt on human nature. It seems that crimes fail to harden a man, when they fail to disgrace him with his fellow-men and make him an outcast. Is there really a land where the standards of wrong and right are absolutely lost, or hopelessly perverted, — where people sin without becoming wicked, and do good without growing better? One comes to such doubts as these in reading the annals of brigandage. The brigand chief Crocco took the little town of Lavello in 1861, and found seven thousand ducats in the treasury. He was implored to spare something for the poor, and he left all but five hundred of the ducats. He was a man defiled with every misdeed, and he passed at once from his act of charity to preparations for shooting twenty-seven prisoners in cold blood. These poor people are as tender-hearted and as ignorantly pitiless as children. There was found an amusing letter from a woman whose husband was out with the brigands in 1862, and who wrote to reproach him that, while everybody was talking of

the brilliant success of his band, he had forgotten his family, and had sent his wife no token of his good fortune; she knew that his heart was warm and kind, but why did he show her a heart of stone? The letter is as simple and honest as a letter can be; and no doubt the poor woman who wrote it would have sympathized heartily with a neighbor whose husband was taken and held to ransom by her own, in order to procure her the coveted token of regard.

About relates how he sat down in a lonely place with some Roman peasants, whose district on the Neapolitan border had formerly been infested with brigands, but which was now quiet and peaceful. The Frenchman, after passing cigars to his companions, asked them of the good old times, and learnt that several of them had led the life of the hills. When he pressed the subject, and put his own defenceless case to them, demanding why they neglected the occasion to cut his throat and take his purse, these ex-brigands were hurt, and replied: "Sir, brigandage is now no longer the fashion. We are honest, poor people, and would not harm anybody."

Of course they were perfectly sincere, and having resumed their peaceful labors of the field, they had consciences as tranquil as old soldiers returned from a campaign. Their sins had been confessed and forgiven; their account with Heaven was clear; but if ever brigandage became the mode again, there they were, ready to fall in with the fashion.

It would be hard to say why this complaisant indifference with regard to abominable things should exist, but it does exist all over Italy, and only in worse degree in Naples. Most tourists must have observed how things which are thought very shameful with us bring no disgrace among Italians. The poor do not blush to beg, and every one with whom the traveller comes in contact lies and cheats. But the traveller cannot see the depths of the meanness and bad faith over the surface of which it costs him so much to pass: life in Italy must reveal that, and it is possible that, by the time the observer has sounded these depths, he has lost something of the fine sense which would have enabled him to perfectly appreciate in its real deformity the state of things, and he has certainly no disposition to blame it angrily, unless through chagrin at

finding himself, after all, only in possession of truth to be learned far less troublesomely from the world's immemorial attribution of insincerity and want of honest pride to the Italians. It costs a young man, perhaps, a pang to confess to himself that the world is nearly right in this, as in most other things which it believes; but that easier humor which, after a while, the proper study of mankind is apt to produce in man may enable others to contemplate the fact without surprise. In Italy one sees the people so naturally and frankly mendicant and untruthful, that one is by no means sure whether scorn of their vices would be virtuous or absurd. The little children learn to babble falsehood; gentlemen and ladies do not scruple to tell lies; quite well-dressed and well-fed men will take a present of money for a trifling service or for a complaisance. We do not say there are no exceptions to these rules; we have met very startling ones: but we believe we are just in thus generalizing the Italians; and we know that fiction among the polite, and beggary among the poor, are not at all disgraceful. The complacency with which those vices are regarded extends in a degree to crime; and a bad lenity to criminals is characteristic of the people. One could not be sure how far theft or prostitution among a man's relations would go to bring shame upon him, or upon the guilty ones themselves. Such things are certainly not approved anywhere in Italy; but they are certainly quite as much pitied as condemned, and they have to a great extent impunity. Among the abandoned poor of Southern Italy, these and other misdeeds are, as we have seen, not harshly dealt with. These people are not good husbands and wives. Their unbridled passions, and their falsehood of word, thought, and deed, prevent fidelity: they are bad husbands and bad wives, but they are true, loving, and tender fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters. What we call vices and crimes do not rend these natural ties: nay, they seem to knit the vicious and the criminal, as being unfortunate, closer to the comparatively virtuous, whose compassion their forlorn condition excites. The sons and brothers of quite an honest man are brigands, not only without danger of being cast off by him, but with some probability of affording him just cause of pride by the splendor of

their deeds. They are living a wild, free life, to which he himself would turn, if he had the vocation ; for there is that in his nature which moves him to admire lawlessness and adventure as boys do. In his poor, honest way he gratifies this instinct as well as he can by unfair advantages taken in bargain, and by the hazard which he introduces into the simplest transactions. He prefers always to risk a high demand and be possibly beaten down below a just price, rather than ask justice, and get it without excitement. Moreover, his own vocation to the hills may come when he least expects it. He may kill his best friend, and be forced to fly. Who knows ? He is as fatalistic as a Turk, and regards his act, good or bad, as something ordered and quite apart from his own agency.

This excellent wretch has yet another feeling which makes him merciful to brigandage, — the fear of it. The outlaws are strong as compared with the law-abiding ; and there is no telling how quickly, if he offended them, he might bring the misfortune of his death upon them. How they act upon his fear, and how far fear is really an element of his character, must be noticed in another place. Controlled and guided, he rises to the height of courage, and in the Italian army has no more fear than a horse habituated to the sound of fire-arms. The unwilling witness of a Roman soldier of this army, a private with whom we spoke, and who expressed great scorn of the Neapolitan character, was, that these peasants, so mean and timorous in their country life, became brave soldiers ; and he confirmed a great deal of testimony in print, by declaring that they had been especially efficient against brigandage. But in his wild state there seems little doubt that the Neapolitan peasant is a coward, and has only courage when brought to bay, or when he thinks he detects the shadow of his own fear in an antagonist.

We have sketched here at the beginning these traits of Neapolitan character, because they bear directly upon the social and political phenomena recorded in the books under review, and because we think they form the best explanation of an anomalous condition of things. We do not mean to say that these traits explain themselves : they only explain brigandage. We willingly relinquish the task of reconciling their existence

with established theories of morals, to the philosopher, who, calling to mind the Donatello of Hawthorne's romance, (a copy in great part from Italian nature, and not wholly a fantastic creation,) may at last end with the doubt, Have these creatures of the South really something sylvan and untamable in their nature, capable of a certain love, pity, fear, hatred, and revenge, but not amenable to the ethics by which we judge other men? Are they something to be taught and reformed, or to be utterly extirpated, that the plague, breaking out of their abominable nature, (which had all but confounded us with its seeming immunity from the penalties that follow sin in ours,) may perish with them, and that their haunts may be wholesomely peopled with rational, responsible human beings?

There are, however, certain facts of geographical, religious, social, and political condition, as well as traits of character, to be considered in accounting for brigandage in Naples. Life in the fields of that smiling land has always been, and is, slavery, peril, and misery; life on its hills, freedom, security, and glory. Our authors seem to be agreed with the private sources of information to which we have had recourse, in attributing this wretchedness in the first place to the monopoly of the lands, which are either cultivated at the wages of starvation by the peasants immediately under the proprietors, or else let at cruel rates to starving renters. In any case, the hand of the lord is heavy on the serf; and the only natural relation — that of hatred, envy, destruction, contempt, and fear — grows up between them. Then, in the great majority of the communes, there are no roads and never have been roads; for this country, so old in history and romance, has never been fairly reclaimed from the wilderness. It has happened that, for want of intercommunication, the peasantry of one district have died of hunger, while the means of life were abundant and cheap in the next. It is no wonder that people thus isolated are ignorant and imbruted; especially when the only light they have, their religion, is a darkness of superstition. Then let their fierce passions be taken into account, together with the endless provocation of their miserable lives, the honor which revenge bears among them, the looseness and caprice with which the laws are administered, and, above all, their own



want of moral sense, and it need not seem strange that their nature of brigand should overpower their education of peasant, and that they should take to the life of the hills. There they are free and secure, for the soldier is as little able to reach them in their fortresses as to protect the peasants in the valley from their depredations. Their priest is with them, (he is sometimes their chief,) their consciences are at rest, their career is full of novelty and excitement, and infinitely to be preferred before the grovelling, insulted, famished existence they have abandoned. They maintain themselves easily: their late brothers, the peasants, are their friends, through favor or fear; their late master's substance is their prey, and if his person falls into their hands they have a sweet revenge or a fat ransom. And after all, there is hope of wearing out the government, which will offer them pardon and peace; or, as has often happened, there comes a revolution, in which they can take sides, make themselves useful, and be honored by kings with places of trust, emolument, and power.

Among the conditions favorable to the perpetuation of brigandage, that friendship, already noticed, between part of the population and the robbers, is one which has been found intangible, except in a single instance, by the government's warring upon the free citizens of the hills. In all the districts infested by brigands, they have voluntary allies among the people on whom they prey, — allies who succor them with food and shelter in extremity, and share their booty in prosperity, who give them timely notice of the movements of the troops, and who watch over all their interests, and serve them with a fidelity unknown to any other service in that unhappy land. These allies of the brigands are called *Manutengoli*; and their system, which is of venerable antiquity, is still in such perfect repair at the present day, that, according to Saint-Jorioz, they are enabled to befriend the brigandage of reaction, while receiving pay as the *employés* of the National Italian Government. But brigandage does not trust its safety solely, nor even chiefly, to the affection of allies; the system of the *Manutengoli* is, with all its perfection, only part of the yet grander and more sovereign system of the Camorra, which, under all princes, has ruled Naples, and which now, attacked by the free

government, and sorely hurt, still retains a great share of its ancient life and power. It seems to have been the offspring of that infernal state of things created by the Spaniards in Naples, under which every person of quality kept several daggers in his pay, and the miserable population was ruled by bravos. In the course of time the ruffians found it feasible and profitable to exercise for their own behoof the power acquired under lordly and influential masters, and they entered into a conspiracy against all orders of society.

“To-day,” says Marc Monnier, “it is known how this plebeian freemasonry had extended itself into all the provinces, and how government, impotent to suppress it, constantly studied not to rouse its enmity. All who had the courage to wield a dagger were eager to join it. There were two grades of initiation, passing which, the candidates were enrolled members of the society. It had heads in the twelve districts of Naples, in all the towns of the realm; it reigned wherever the people were; it levied an impost on the money you gave your coachman; it superintended the markets, and assumed a part of the proceeds of the sales; it watched over the games of the populace, and received a tribute from the winner at cards; it lorded it over the very prisons, and the police did not oppose it, — nay, they even called it to their aid, to discover and arrest dangerous persons, in the king’s name. It is not long since they thus succeeded in taking an assassin of whom all trace had been lost. I myself saw him pass through the streets covered with blood, and dragged to prison by his accomplices! Sometimes the government arrested the Camorristi, and sent them to the galleys. But even thence they terrified honest men, — men living in perfect freedom. In the depths of a prison, with their hands and feet loaded with chains, they received the visits of their abject vassals, who came humbly and regularly to pay them their monthly tribute. This society had places of meeting, a common treasury, a strong organization, inflexible laws. The chiefs assumed terrible rights over their adherents: if they assigned an assassination to one of these, he was forced to obey under pain of death. The dagger punished every infraction, composed every dispute. Every Camorrista bore two knives, — one for himself, and one for you, if you resisted his orders; it was a fearful duel; he struck straight to your *cash-box*, that is, your heart.”

The Camorra in towns has always been the ally of brigandage on the hills, and without the former the latter could never

have existed. Using this deadly machinery of fear, it has outbidden the law in terror, and it has established obstacles in the way of its enemies almost impossible for them to surmount. The brigands always receive perfect and trustworthy information from the peasants concerning the movements of the troops, for their informant knows that certain death waits on treachery. The troops, on the contrary, learn nothing of the brigands; nobody has seen them nor heard of them in the neighborhood, for the fear of their vengeance closes all mouths. The troops pass away, but the brigands never do, and they never forget. When a man is taken prisoner and held to ransom, his friends hasten in secret to pay it, and are in anguish lest the military authorities learn their misfortune and come to their aid. They deny, they evade, they lie outright; for they well know that the prisoner dies at the first rumor of approaching rescue, and that their own punishment will follow the suspicion of having dealt treacherously with his captors. The system is very simple and very effectual, and we think it may be understood without the light of the abundant anecdote which our authors throw upon it.

These authors are all alike strong in developing the causes which produce brigandage; and they seem all alike weak in the simples which they propose for its cure, and leave their readers with a longing for the application of some heroic remedy, that shall utterly destroy, if it does not restore, the abandoned race afflicted with this disorder. Yet it must be confessed that heroic remedies have been tried, and have failed either to kill or to cure; and now we must have faith in the simples, if we are to have faith in anything. We shall see in the course of a few centuries how far education, equal laws, justice, and humanity, not to mention the material alleviations of opening and clearing the country and building roads and bridges, will go toward civilizing and reclaiming this desperate population. Perhaps in that time, also, the experiment which commends itself to our own mind as most feasible will have been tried, and a system of intermigration will at once have assisted to solidify Italian unity, and to cure brigandage by peopling Naples with honest Lombards and Piedmontese, and transferring Neapolitans to scenes where their crimes are physically impos-

sible. Some such scheme as this is, in the opinion of many Italians, the only true and thorough method of destroying brigandage at once and forever. But leaving all these difficult questions to be practically settled by the Italians themselves, it is curious to note in our authors a common tendency to reason of brigandage as brigandage reasons of itself, and to extend a bad compassion to a scoundrel because he is such a very miserable scoundrel. There are few defects which an Italian does not contrive to pardon in his nation because it has been oppressed; and it is indeed a nice question to settle just how far men's ignorance, fear, and suffering are to be taken into account in dealing with their crimes. One feels, in looking at this and certain other phases of the subject, that the only complete work on brigandage would be a work treating fully of Italian civilization, in which the most careless observer must discern, contrasted with qualities of the highest and humanest refinement, traits of wild and predatory lawlessness descended from savage instincts innate in the race before robbery founded Rome. But wanting this exhaustive work, we are glad to have the ready-witted, clearly written books before us; and we have particular praise to bestow on the volumes in English. Their immediate occasion has been that train of events and circumstances of which, during the last four years, much rumor has no doubt reached our readers,

“Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong,”

through the public journals, but of which the story is by no means inarticulate in Italy, and is fearfully distinct at Naples, where people see the mutilated victims of the brigandage inspired by the Bourbons and Pio IX.; where they have such witness to its existence and its cruelties as soldiers with noses cut off and eyes plucked out; where they meet the widows of the prisoners slain, and the families of the prisoners held to heavy ransom; where the daily talk has been full of the horrible facts of the reaction of Bourbon brigands against a revolution willed by the nation.

The pamphlet by Marc Monnier is the work of a Frenchman who has spent the greater part of his life in Neapolitan Italy, and who knows perfectly the conditions and character of the

people. Unhappily he was born a Frenchman, and one feels, in running through his facile, brilliant, and generous little book, that he is fatally fond of epigram, and that he is perhaps better at adorning a tale than pointing a moral. Besides, he only brings up the history of contemporary brigandage to the year 1862, and he sketches too slightly for much use the history of past brigandage. The best part of his work is that containing the complete diary of Don Josè Borjes, the Spaniard who was sent into Calabria by the Bourbon Committee from Rome, to head the reaction, and found no visible movement against the Italian government, except on the part of brigands.

The work of Count Jorjioz is of much greater value to the student of the Italian question; and it has peculiar worth as the production of a soldier in the war against brigandage; but it is ill arranged, and its author, in dividing his subject into many heads, has presented more than once the same phase of things to his reader, without gaining perspicuity by the repetition. The Count writes with the ardor of a partisan, and perhaps his fervor wearies a little; though there is abundant evidence of his candor and veracity throughout.

The volumes by Mr. Hilton absorb most of the valuable material of the French and Italian authors, while they gather nearly all that it is useful to know on the subject from other sources, and to a great extent make history of what was testimony before. We think the reader will regret that the author at times suffers his work to take the form of mere compilation, and that one who has so clear and terse a way of telling things himself should quote so largely the garrulous phrases of eye-witnesses. This amplitude of quotation is of course intended to present more freshly and fully the incidents of the story which Mr. Hilton recounts; but we would willingly see its breadth reduced to the compass of foot-notes. The work necessarily grows more and more desultory as it approaches the present time, when the history it records is still making, and what seems to us a defect of plan is so obvious in the closing chapters as to give an unpleasant flavor of book-making to the volume.

We are the less inclined to blame occasional lapses of our author into an Italian or French method of saying things, first

because we count no manner of putting an idea as alien to the English tongue if it be direct and striking, and next because we find this pleasant and piquant vice (if it be a vice) in a book which could not have been written either by an Italian or Frenchman : in one case over-intensity, and in the other case want of earnestness, would have operated fatally against its production.\* An Englishman would have been equally disabled from the task by want of real sympathy with a people who have suffered all things from aristocrats and kings, and want of candor in dealing with progress that tends to destroy the former and idealize the latter into the will, not of certain classes, but of a whole people. The nationality, therefore, of the American who writes this book is at once apparent ; and it is gratifying to find him taking American views, and, which is vastly better, thinking American thoughts, of the comparatively imperfect civilization yet known to the Old World, while dealing with the most perplexing phase of Italian unification, and giving to a story of the wildest character and adventure the high interest which belongs to every question involving the freedom and happiness of a people. There is not a dull page in Mr. Hilton's book, and there are many very brilliant ones. His style is clear and simple, he rehearses events briefly and perspicuously, and he has a dry humor and a pleasant sarcasm in his philosophy, which we think extremely relishing and original of its kind.

Our author finds it necessary to go back almost to the creation of the world in his researches for the origin of brigandage ; and his first chapter, which rapidly recounts the story of twenty centuries of brigandage, is a curious chain of evidences linking the fugitives from Roman conquest and Roman oppression to the bandits of the present day, in a solidarity of suffering and crime. From each city that relinquished its freedom and independence to Rome, the bolder and nobler spirits escaped, and peopled the fastnesses of the same hills which now shelter bandits from the pursuit of the Italian troops with a fierce and predatory tribe of men, to whom from time to time the fugitive slaves of the Romans fled in great numbers, and united in the

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\* Marc Monnier cannot be accused of want of heart ; but he is a Frenchman who has spent his life in Italy.

purpose of rending from the common tyrant some part of the spoil first wrung from themselves. They made all mountain ways unsafe, descended and pillaged the valleys, destroyed villages, and even attacked and captured cities. It is a pardonable enthusiasm for his theme which leads Mr. Hilton to identify Spartacus with brigandage, and to adorn the annals of that distinguished profession with the story of deeds that belong properly to servile war: an army of seventy thousand men, operating against the regular forces of a state, and beating them in pitched battles in open fields, is too respectable in point of numbers and organization to be called banditti, though it be composed of those who steal and kill. The troops of Spartacus certainly made the seat of the war pay its expenses, but so did the Germans lately in Denmark. After all, however, there is great justice and sense in classing in the same condition the peasant slaves of Roman times and the slavish peasants of modern Naples; and there is no doubt that the same causes, in great part, produced brigandage then, which produce it now.

It can well result from the peculiar conditions heretofore noticed, that the brigands of Southern Italy have not always been the least respectable men in their country. Throughout the pandemoniac ages, when the land was overrun by the successive hordes of Goth, Vandal, and Saracen, brigandage was of course the only gentlemanly calling; and later, when French misrule was succeeded by Spanish misrule in ever-miserable Naples, it is probable that quite as much justice and humanity lodged in the breasts of outlawed robbers as in those of robbers established in authority over the cities. But however this may be, it is certain that in the mountains and in the remote rural districts, during the whole vice-regal domination of the Spaniards, the brigand was really sovereign, and that all the efforts of the government which dwelt in towns to overthrow brigandage were but a series of revolts, more or less futile, against his power. Mr. Hilton rapidly recounts the story of these operations, in which the viceroys of Naples fought the brigands with fire, sword, flattery, and treason, and at last left them unconquered to the Bourbon kings. As the progress of time brings him nearer to our own era, the writer enters more minutely into the annals of brigandage, and the chapters rehearsing the

history of this disorder during the brief existence of the Parthenopean Republic and the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat, present a careful narrative, relieved by skilfully blended anecdote and picturesque incident.

The Parthenopean Republic found the Neapolitans too thoroughly benumbed by long and unnatural constraints, to rise into the dignity of revolution, and the French enthusiasts, who brought the Rights of Man into the country, were obliged to force freedom upon it by means of bloody conquest. The Bourbon had fled — the Bourbon always flies — before the march of an enemy on his capital, and Naples fell into the hands of the French on the 23d of January, 1799. But the fugitive prince paused in Sicily, and thence began to direct the reaction, which almost immediately followed, against the French. This seems to be the period when brigandage, afterwards carefully distinguished by our authors into *common* and *political brigandage*, first assumed a political complexion. Before that time, the brigand, though he respected himself, could not be said to have fixed principles. He now learnt that he was a devoted adherent of the legitimate king, and that he was a chief pillar of Holy Church. This conviction has never since deserted him; and though he has at different times lapsed into common brigandage, under the domination of the true king and Church, he has never failed to rise to the nobler heights of political brigandage when these were threatened; and he is at this moment cutting throats and taking purses in the cause of Francesco II. and Pio Nono, as against Victor Emmanuel and the powers of darkness.

The allies of the brigand in 1799 were Russians, Turks, and Englishmen; and it would be difficult to say whose was the greater share in the work of restoring a prince by divine right to his people. The English under Nelson co-operated generously with their fleet; but it is probable that the priests and the assassins were mainly instrumental in the good cause. The Bourbon's regular forces, chiefly composed of brigands, were under the command of Cardinal Ruffo; and his irregular forces, wholly composed of brigands, were led by Fra Diavolo, and other distinguished patriots whose names have not yet passed into the musical drama. The uncertainties of the time,



when the country under two nominal governments was ruled by neither prince nor people, afforded brigandage occasion and scope to assert authority. The hills swarmed with pious and loyal miscreants, who responded with ardor to the call of king and Church, and either entered the Bourbon ranks, or proceeded to pillage and slay the Republicans in small bands and upon individual account. The work, however accomplished, was known to be profitable and blessed, and it was effectually done; men won heroic honors in it; the Bourbon queen gave Fra Diavolo a diamond ring, the king promoted and ennobled him; and at this day, by operation of the anomaly which seems sovereign in all Italian affairs, the descendants of the Duke of Cassano draw from Victor Emmanuel the pension bestowed by Ferdinand upon their great ancestor!

So the regular and irregular forces of the Bourbon, under Cardinal Ruffo and Fra Diavolo, succeeded, with the help of their foreign allies,\* in reducing the Republicans, taking Naples, and overthrowing the commonwealth, such as it was. The unlucky state, without having lived long enough to war upon brigandage, was destroyed by it; but its fall was amply avenged by the governments of Bonaparte and Murat.

The Bonaparte succeeded the Bourbon in 1805, and at once the country swarmed with political brigands, zealously aided and comforted from without by the English fleet. These partisans were properly brigands, although they were also insurgents. Though they fought against the government, their object was not freedom, as with the followers of Spartacus, but

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\* Nelson employed his ships to carry aid and comfort to the robbers under Cardinal Ruffo, and on one occasion used them to transport a thousand convicts, released from the prisons of Sicily, to Calabria, where they were flung full-armed upon the defenceless coast, to pillage and slay the partisans of the French. When the Republic was at an end, and the Republicans of Naples, who had taken refuge in the forts Castel Nuovo and Castel dell' Ovo, capitulated to the Bourbon, on terms signed by his general, and the English naval commandant, permitting them to remain in Naples or to embark for France as they chose, Nelson, at the instigation of the faithless prince, refused to let those sail who preferred exile. "It belongs to his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies to decide upon the fate of his rebellious subjects," he said; and he dictated the change of sentence which consigned to death, instead of perpetual imprisonment, the Republican "Admiral Caracciolo, every way Nelson's equal except in fortune, and one of the most beautiful characters of his time."

rapine and slaughter. Their numbers were seldom those of armies; and their only trait in common with soldiers was that they killed. Fra Diavolo, who held the rank of Brigadier-General in the Bourbon service, was the chief and cruellest of their leaders; and the French, declaring a crusade against brigandage, first devoted themselves to his destruction. This man's name was Michele Pezza. He was born of low parentage at Itri, and he took instinctively to homicide and pillage in his youth, living two years in the hills, with a price set upon his head by the Bourbons, before the war against the French broke out, and made him one of the principal defences of legitimate authority. It is not universally believed that he received his nickname of Friar Devil because he belonged to the Church, but because he united the cunning and wickedness of a priest and a devil, — characters which, according to Neapolitan proverb, are invincible.

The French began by drawing a cordon around this formidable scoundrel in the province of Gaeta; and Colonel Hugo, father of the poet, was sent to hunt the wild beast down. The story of the chase and capture is too long to be quoted here, and it is too graphically told in Mr. Hilton's book to be cut down to our limits without injustice. Colonel Hugo employed all the means to destroy brigandage which it employed to sustain itself, — terror, tenacity, vigilance, celerity, surprise; and to secure the peasants to his interest, and turn them from their natural tendency to favor the robbers, he expended enormous sums of money in bribery. The people thus alienated and the brigands isolated, their destruction became merely a question of time. The French succeeded in scattering and seducing the followers of Fra Diavolo, and drew their impenetrable lines closer and closer about him. At last, however, he was not taken as Fra Diavolo, but was accidentally arrested as an unknown man, on suspicion of brigandage, and was recognized by an agent of Hugo's in the hands of the police. He was taken to Naples, and hung in his uniform of a Bourbon general.

The campaign against Fra Diavolo was the chief military operation of Joseph Bonaparte against brigandage. He afterwards descended to the Bourbon artifices of treaty and pardon;

but the brigands accepted his amnesty so rapidly, and so filled his towns with their numbers, that his government was endangered in the city of Naples itself, and he was obliged to descend still further, and employ Bourbon bad faith. The amnestied were shot (now on the pretext that they had attempted escape from their guards, and now on some other pretext quite as flimsy) as fast as they delivered themselves up. Measures like these could only confirm and strengthen brigandage; and Murat, when he came into his kingdom of Naples in 1808, found it on all his hills, a flourishing and hardy growth.

Happily for Murat, the situation produced its master, and the new king was enabled to make the most effective attacks ever made upon an evil never before so threatening. The Bourbon was reigning in Sicily, the French ruled Naples: there was not organized war between the two powers, but the continent was disordered and desolated by brigands, who fought for plunder and revenge, as usual, under the names of true king and Holy Church.

The master of the situation was named Manhès,\* who, loathing his work, yet entered upon it with unsurpassable zeal, energy, and success. Murat made him a general of brigade, and he first marched against a brigand who had taken the name of

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\* "The iron hand with which Murat crushed brigandage was young Colonel Manhès, afterwards, for his services in this war, raised successively to the rank of brigadier and lieutenant-general.

"In this war with brigands, so foreign to all the instincts of a soldier, this officer acquired fame. He was one of those wonderful soldiers produced in the campaigns of Napoleon, and had spent his life in camps and battles.

"Manhès was then only thirty-two years of age, but he had seen fourteen years of active service. He is described as beautiful in person, and, standing with his head uncovered, with his blonde hair flowing in ringlets about his neck, he inspired the rude peasantry, familiar with pictures of the Madonna and her Son, with a singular reverence, as a being more than mortal, and allied to the objects of their religious veneration. When to these personal charms of his presence was added the fame, exalted beyond bounds, of his success against brigands, he acquired a singular ascendancy over the minds of the superstitious inhabitants of Calabria.

"In 1809, Manhès was asked by Murat to undertake the task of restoring order in the provinces. The spirit of the chivalrous soldier recoiled from the foul work, and he made the utmost efforts to escape it. Murat closed the discussion with these words:—

"'As your friend, I ask it; as your king, I command you.'

"Manhès, then holding the rank of colonel and *aide-de-camp* to the king, accepted, in the spirit of military obedience, the perilous and disgusting office."—*Brigandage in South Italy*.

Bonaparte, in the Cilento, and in six weeks he had killed and handed over to justice six hundred brigands, capturing the chief himself. Then, passing into the Abruzzi, he repressed the disorder there in three months.\*

During that period of uncertainties created by Napoleon's truce with Austria and contemplated marriage with Maria Louisa, however, the government of Murat was betrayed into offering pardon to the brigands, then terrified and all but quelled by Manhès. This had only the effect to embolden them anew, being considered a token of weakness in the government, against which the Bourbon Queen Caroline and the priests throughout the kingdom reanimated them with every hope of earthly and heavenly recompense. In 1810 it became necessary to resume the war upon them in the Calabrias, which had become "the scene of reaction and brigandage, so artfully combined as to present the appearance of revolution."

Manhès opened the campaign with vigorous attacks upon the brigands; and he determined to render his warfare effective and final, by striking as nearly at the life and source of brigandage as he could, without absolutely destroying the whole population, in whose perverted nature the very spring of the evil is. His unsparing expenditure and his unsparing severity made it more profitable and safer for the peasant to give him information of the place and movements of the brigands, than to betray him to the robbers. Manhès resolved to war upon the *Manutengoli* no less than the robbers; and his proclamation issued from his head-quarters in Monteleone in Calabria, on the 9th of October, 1810, was chiefly addressed to the destruction of their system. It called every able-bodied man in the province into service, including the near kinsmen of the brigands, and authorized them to arrest or kill any bandit whose name was published in the lists as an outlaw; it condemned to death whoever communicated with the brigands in any way; it permitted no work to be done that required

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\* "Manhès displayed, in an exalted degree, the qualities by which Hugo had succeeded in hunting down Fra Diavolo. Not content with exterminating the bands, he kept up the chase until he had captured or killed the chiefs. In these rapid marches and desperate encounters, he did not rely so much upon the regular soldiery as upon the militia and the peasantry, whom he inspired with loyalty and enthusiasm, or at least awed into obedience." — *Brigandage in South Italy*.

the laborers to carry food into the fields with them, and the flocks and herds were to be driven to guarded places, while the troops were posted sentinel over the people to see that they obeyed; then, on a given day, the chase of the brigands was ordered to commence throughout the Calabrias. This proclamation the priests of every parish were commanded to read to their people with exhortations to obedience.

Manhès caused his orders to be executed. An old man who was found giving food to his brigand son was put to death with him; some women and children who carried bread and olives into the fields to eat while at work were shot; a woman was shot who received the babe of her friend, the wife of a brigand flying from pursuit; a peasant who had sold flour to the robbers was shot, with the purse containing the price of it appended to his neck.

The success of this severity was complete. Of three thousand brigands on the lists of Manhès at the beginning of November, not one remained at the end of December. "The historians are all agreed," says Mr. Hilton, "in representing that the roads had never been so secure, the trade over the country so safe, and the public peace so general, as at the end of the year 1810. It seemed like a sudden change from barbarism to civilization." Manhès had argued logically that brigandage must perish before a system which made it death for its friends to succor it in extremity, and which made it death to any brigand who ventured out of hiding to help himself.

After the extirpation of the evil in the Calabrias, Manhès passed with his system and his success into the other provinces of the kingdom.

Altogether the most remarkable incident of these campaigns of Manhès is that of his excommunication of an offending town: an incident which Mr. Hilton transfers from the pamphlet of Marc Monnier, and relates with singular power and effect. Such enormities had been committed in this town of Serra, that Manhès, weary of striking at these perverted people through their terror of death, resolved to strike at them through their fear of hell. He therefore banished their priests and closed their churches, forbade them the sacraments of marriage and baptism, and the offices of the Church in their last hours. Emi-

nently wicked, these ferocious mountaineers are also eminently religious: they implored Manhès to kill them, but he left them under his interdict, and drew his lines about their district that none should escape. The interdict wrought a miracle: the people of Serra devoted themselves at once to the destruction of brigandage, and in reward of their zeal Manhès removed the interdict. From this time they paid their taxes, and submitted to conscription; they built a fort, manned it with their militia against the brigands, and swore "By Saint Manhès," instead of "By Saint Devil," which was their favorite imprecation before.

The rigor of the orders of Manhès had been tempered in all the provinces with offer of pardon to such brigands as should give themselves up. Twelve hundred surrendered on the same terms as those offered to brigands surrendering themselves to the Italian government at the present day: their lives were safe, but they were liable to imprisonment and trial for non-capital crimes. While the military commission was sitting to decide the fate of robbers who now filled the prisons of Calabria, a putrid fever broke out among them. Mr. Hilton describes the last scene of Murat's dramatic war against brigandage with a pathetic force which almost moves his reader to pity brigands.

After the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, political brigandage ceased, because the despotic party, which alone had ever employed the brigands in its cause, had now achieved full power, and had no further need of its friends. These honest fellows were therefore forced to pursue their calling of murder and robbery, under the censure of the ungrateful king whom they had helped to restore. His warfare against them was waged with the stupid cruelty and falsehood proper to a Bourbon. He formed *juntas*, composed of the governor, the military commandant, and the president of the criminal court in each province, and the juntas made out lists of all the brigands, and set upon the chase. To be in these lists was to be a brigand, and to be captured was condemnation and death. This was a fine system for a king who had disaffected subjects, and for generals, governors, and presidents, who had private enmities to gratify. These infamous means did not suffice to crush the brigands, and Ferdinand resorted to the robbers for aid

against themselves. He won over to his interest the great band called the Vardarelli, and employed them to exterminate the smaller bands. They did their work well, and when it was done, the king resolved to break his tools. It is true the Vardarelli had been persuaded into his service by solemn treaty, "in the name of the most holy Trinity." The king vainly tried to decoy the band to his capital, with the pretence of wishing to review them; but they were induced to enter the mountain village of Ururi, inhabited chiefly by their friends, for this purpose. As they lay sleeping there in the public square, the king's assassins, posted in hiding for the purpose, fired upon them, killing the chief, Gaetano Vardarelli, and other leaders of the band. The rest, forty-eight in number, escaped to the woods, where they chose new captains. The government then treated with them again, promising to punish the assassins of Ururi, whom it disowned. It also invited them to go to Foggia, in order to swear fidelity to the prince who knew no faith, and thirty-eight were such fools as to go. They dismounted in the piazza, and greeted with shouts of "Viva il Re!" the king's general, who smiled upon them from a balcony, while a colonel detained them with compliments till troops could be placed for their massacre. When all was ready, the troops fired; nine of the Vardarelli fell, ten dashed through the lines and escaped. The rest took refuge in the cellar of an empty house, where burning straw and resinous wood was poured down upon them. Except two brothers of Gaetano, who preferred death by their own hands and shot themselves in the cellar, the brigands all gave themselves up and were slaughtered. The Bourbon General Pepe, who relates these things, says he was tempted to tear off his king's uniform and throw it out of the window when he heard of them.

Such warfare could not exterminate brigandage. It sprang up from the blood of the Vardarelli, and flourished throughout the time of the Bourbons; but until the union of Naples with Italy, in 1860, it has had no political character. Since that time it has called itself reaction, and has, with the sanction of Francis II. and the benediction of Pius IX., continued to destroy property and make life wretched in the provinces which it has always infested.

The first struggles of this nascent reaction are scarcely to be distinguished from the last efforts of the expiring system which it sought to restore. The Bourbonists still held a fort in the Abruzzi in the autumn of 1860; and on the day before the people of Naples voted their union with the Kingdom of Italy, the garrison of this fort made a sally, and, in concert with the mountaineers, descended into the plains, "stormed and sacked villages, overthrew the liberal, and substituted Bourbon authorities, desolated the country, and cut the throats of liberals in true brigand style." Their success was checked by a legion of Abruzzese volunteers; the troops were driven back to the fort, and the mountaineers to their fastnesses, where all honest and sincere friends of the fallen prince deserted them, leaving only the professional brigands steadfast to the common cause.

This was long after Garibaldi's departure from Naples. It was quite time, in the natural course of things, for a volatile people, unused to freedom, to have lapsed into disaffection; and besides, the Piedmontese had offended the Neapolitans by being different from their adored liberators, the Garibaldini. "After the volunteers," says Marc Monnier,— "the volunteers, noisy, picturesque, glorious, who scattered their money with both hands, willing to live well before dying well,— after these heroic Gypsies there came all at once soldiers, well-ordered, disciplined, tranquil, sober, poor, cold. The new-comers went on foot, they did not drink, they hardly smoked; they could in no way bring profit to the lower classes. They had only one uniform, they dressed on Sunday just as on week-days; they did not yell in the streets; they seemed out of place under the sky of Naples; they spoke a dialect almost French. The people held aloof from them. The Piedmontese lived by themselves, as the Swiss had done. Against the king the popular opposition was even more unjust. When Victor Emmanuel came to Naples, he committed a great error: he did not drag his sabre, his boots were too short. People love long sabres and big boots. In a word the King Honest-man had nothing of Murat but the courage; but here even courage does not succeed without its plumes,— perhaps neither here nor elsewhere."

But the Piedmontese had awakened disaffection far more



serious than that of the populace, — not indeed by any intended wrong, but by generous and well-meaning errors: they had attacked the abusive privileges of the priests, and, without being able to subject, had alienated that most powerful and numerous order, while their efforts to unify Italy by the introduction into Naples of the laws of the realm and the assimilation of the civil system had turned from them the large lettered class which sincerely loved good government and freedom, but could not bear to see Naples Piedmontized, as they called it. Count Saint-Jorioz, in the last chapter of his book, frankly condemns this measure of the government which he loyally serves: assimilation of laws properly follows the unity of Italy, he thinks, and the unity of Italy is not the result of equalized laws. Besides, the laws of North Italy are not good for South Italy; they aggravate the poor with increased taxation, and, by abrogating the old Neapolitan laws, (which were good when justly executed,) the government of the king has thrown out of his service in Naples the only men who could have served it faithfully, — the intelligent men bred to the legal profession, who have been ruined and forced into the ranks of the disaffected. It is actually a fact, that many of the *employés* of the Italian government in Naples are its enemies, — men without faith and without honor, who are morally incapable of administering any laws, so that the reforms of popular education, municipal cleanliness, and the other schemes for improving the condition of the country, are often thwarted and nullified by the very agents intrusted with their execution.

But the disaffection under the first years of Italian rule must not be misunderstood. That it never was love of the Bourbon, there is very amusing proof in the facts of the insurrection of Melfi in 1861. The day before the breaking out of the insurrection, (which lasted three days, and on the fourth turned into enthusiastic restoration of the Italian government, and of the portraits of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel which had been temporarily displaced by those of Francis II. and his wife,) Melfi had elected to the Italian parliament F. D. Guerrazzi, author of *Beatrice Cenci*, and the most unrelenting foe of the Bourbon and the Pope in all Italy. It was Garibaldi or a Neapolitan republic which the honest malecontents wanted, not

the return of a despot; and all efforts to raise the people in favor of Francis II. failed disastrously. Borjès made fair trial of the business, when, after landing in Calabria, with a few Spaniards at his back, and the commission of the Bourbon in his pocket, he proclaimed his purpose of restoring the true king. The people almost without exception received his proclamation with the utmost coolness, when it did not excite their enmity, and the Spaniards marched through the whole length of the kingdom to the place of their capture within five hours of the Papal frontier, without finding a single honest man in their favor. "I was going," Borjès said to the Italian officer, "to tell King Francis II. that he has none but rogues and scoundrels to defend him,—that Crocco is a miscreant, and Langlois a beast."

Still, a disaffection toward the Italian government existed, and this disaffection, arising in the capital and pervading all classes of people throughout the kingdom, was the condition that has made political brigandage possible in Naples since her union with Italy; and it is this internal element of weakness in which the Bourbon and Papistical party at Rome have found their chief strength.

We suppose the reader need hardly be told that all the brigandage of the last four years has been inspired by the friends of Francis II. and Pius IX., who have alone recruited robbers, armed, clothed, and fed them, and despatched them into every part of Naples, or rather to such parts as the cautious rogues choose to enter. This brigandage, therefore, has been chiefly confined to the Papal frontier, which the assassins could easily pass and repass. It is not our present purpose to enter fully either into a discussion of the nature of the reaction, or to recount the events of campaigns, which have ended uniformly in the defeat and dispersion of the brigands, after they have destroyed a certain amount of life and property. If the reader will turn to the old newspapers which describe the incursions of the Missourians into Kansas, and record the horrors of that cruel and lamentable warfare, he will have some notion of the kind of war which has been waged upon the frontier provinces of Naples; but if he desires to trace carefully the course of the miserable events in those provinces, and to under-

stand at all steps of the progress how they were possible, there is no book so much to his purpose as that of Count Saint-Jorioz.

The numbers engaged in the so-called reaction have not been sufficient to lift it to the dignity of civil war; and the conduct of the struggle has not been such on either side as to qualify it with the character of organized defence and invasion. The largest band of brigands was that of Crocco; it once amounted to four thousand, but after Melfi was reduced to obedience again, this band broke up and disappeared. The assassins under Chiavone once reached the number of five hundred; but the robbers seldom have herded together in troops of more than threescore. They crossed the frontiers as quietly as possible, having their lives in their hands, and crept back at the approach of danger. They spared neither life nor property; and if they were taken by the Italian troops, they were shot at once. They have always had, however, the privilege of surrender, with exemption from the death-penalty, and trial for non-capital crimes.

The humane government of Italy has never approved the severe and effective measures of Manhès, in striking at the roots of brigandage, by cutting up the system of *Manutengoli*; and General Pinelli, the first sent to deal with the evil, was recalled because of his disposition to adopt the measures of Manhès, by which, indeed, many innocent suffered with the guilty. The plan of the government has been to guard the frontier with numerous posts, under instructions for swift mutual assistance at preconcerted signals. But the frontier is long, and the chain of surveillance was inevitably weak. There was little danger to the troops, for the brigands rarely attacked them, but there was peril to the peaceful inhabitants; and in a country where every peasant was forbidden by deadly fear to give the troops information of the brigands, while the brigands perfectly informed themselves concerning the troops from his terror, and from the voluntary good offices of the unmolested *Manutengoli*, there was so much safety for brigandage that there was small probability of its destruction. Unluckily for themselves, the brigands combined politics and religion so unskilfully with their profession, that they after a while fell into the error of murder-

ing French soldiers, and even taking Papistical Monsignori and holding them to ransom. The French, therefore, began to co-operate with the Italian troops for their destruction, driving them back into the Italian territory when they attempted to recross the Papal frontier after a raid. Brigandage also began to be regarded as a doubtful means of grace at Rome, and so it gradually came to commit suicide upon the frontier. As an element of political disturbance, it may now be pronounced dormant at least; but the reader is not to suppose that brigandage as a private calling is by any means unknown in Naples. It still exists in all the wilder regions of the kingdom, (that is to say, in most parts of it,) and the seeker of the fair and old may find it on the way to Pæstum, at little distance from the capital.

We have already intimated the slighter esteem in which we hold the part of Mr. Hilton's book treating of recent and contemporary brigandage. He leaves the course of history after recounting the transactions under Ferdinand II., and in several chapters, written with admirable intelligence and force, enters into discussion of the political, moral, religious, and natural causes of brigandage. It is a fault of arrangement which the excellence of these chapters goes far to redeem; but it is the author's misfortune that, when he resumes his narrative, the really less careful chapters of the end fail to sustain the higher interest awakened. Perhaps, however, the greatest skill would fail to sustain it, for the soul revolts at last from the story of horror, and the events and characters of these closing scenes of brigandage are so like all that have gone before, that they pall upon the mind.

There is a philosophy teaching that men may rise to higher things and better life through suffering from their sins, to which we think it might be especially comfortable for its disciples to turn from these events and characters of brigandage. It would not be impossible to find reason for hope in the worst deeds of our time; and it may be that the evil-doers will prove to be chief agents of good to others, if not to themselves. The blessing of Christ's Vicar on earth has been upon robbers and assassins, and from the capital of Christendom the most infamous crimes against helpless people have been planned; but it

seems that the temporal power of the Pope, so cruelly perverted, is about to fall. In this day, two hulking German despotisms have combined to rend from a constitutional government a part of its slender territory, but it is not one of the vainest hopes of mankind that they may yet fall into deadly quarrel over their spoils. The Polish revolution has been crushed with circumstances that make us a little ashamed of the effusion which America displays in caressing the bloody paw of the great Bear, but the suppression of the revolt has completely enfranchised the Polish peasants. We ourselves presented to the nineteenth century (which its friends have puffed into unmerited consequence) the spectacle, anything but gratifying, of a great nation dead to honor and humanity, building its ghastly temple of peace and concord upon the agony of slaves; but the unconditional abolitionists of Charleston, who fired upon Fort Sumter, have changed all that. Our redemption has developed the worst passions and prejudices in those who have witnessed it; but the aggressive hatred of democracy which it has vivified, especially in the privileged classes of England, has alarmed the democratic principle in the English people to new and active life.

It must certainly be confessed, however, that the sins of others against the Neapolitan people have been many and grievous enough to do them good, without favorable result; and also that, so far, their own crimes have failed to reform them. But we do not yet refuse to hope for them, and we trust even to see some good effected by the freedom and justice which Italian unity seeks to bestow upon them.

Indeed, who are we, to doubt of any nation's future, who have the Union to reconstruct, and the whites of the South to civilize?